North of Fifty-Three

The Romance of a Cave-Man and a Pretty School Teacher By Bertrand Sinclair

CHAPTER I. A Lady and Two Gentlemen.

RESSED in a plain white shirt waist and an equally plain black cloth skirt, Miss Hassi Weir, on week days, was merely a unit in the office force of Harrington & Bush, implement manufacturers. Neither in personality nor in garb would a casual glance have differentiated her from the other female units, occupied at various desks. A observer might have noticed that she was a bit younger than the possessed of a clear skin and large eyes that seemed to hold all the others, possessed of a clear skin and large eyes that seemed to hold all the shades between purple and gray—eyes, moreover, that had not yet begun to weaken from long application to elerical work. A business office is no place for a woman to parade her personal charms. The measure of her worth there is simply the measure of her efficiency at her machine or linders. So that if any member of the firm had been asked what sort of a girl Miss Hazel Weir might be, he would probably have replied—and with stmost truth—that Miss Weir was a capable stenographer.

But when Saturday evening released Miss Hazel Weir from the plain

But when Saturday evening released Miss Hazel Weir from the plain brick office building she became, until giving him no encouragement to overshe donned her working clothes at step the normal bounds of cordiality, seven A. M. Monday morning, quite a She was absolutely sure of herself and of her love for Jack Barrow. Upon a certain Saturday night Furthermore, Mr. Andrew Bush, Miss Weir came home from an informal little party escorted by a close to fifty—and she was drawing formal little party escorted by a close to fifty—and she was twenty-young man. They stopped at the But Mr. Bush took her breath away at a time and in a manner totally upon the state of the sta

young man. They stopped at the front gate.

"Till be here at 10 sharp," said he. "And you get a good beauty sleep tonight, Hazel. That confounded office! I hate to think of you drudging away at it. I wish we were ready to"—"Oh, bother the office!" she replied lightly. "I don't think of it out of office hours. Anyway, I don't mind. It doesn't tire me. I will be ready at 10 this time. Good night, dear."

"Good night, Hazie," he whispered. "Here's a kies to dream on."

But Mr. Bush had no intention of allowing her to do that. "T'm in deadly earnest," he said. "T'e loved you ever since that Sunday I saw you in the park feeding the swans. I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

"T'm awfully sorry," Hazel stammered. She was just the least bit frightened. The man who stared at her with burning eyes and spoke to her in a voice that quivered with

span of half an hour got off at Granville Park.

When Jack Barrow and Hazel had
mished their lunch under the trees, calm, repressed individual she had
in company with a little group of
their acquaintances, Hazel gathered
scraps of bread and cake into a paper
scraps of bread and cake into a paper

scraps of bread and cake into a paper bag.

A carriage passed slowly, a solemn, liveried coachman on the box, a handsome, smooth-shaven man of thirty-five and a richly gowned woman leaning back and looking out over the pond with bored eyes. And that sentence that way. "I don't-oh, it's simpressed Hazel Weir far more than the showy equipage, the outward to the honor. But she did not finish the sentence that way. "I don't-oh, it's simpressed Hazel Weir far more than "Why not?" he asked. "I jove you. You know 'hat-You can see it, can't

impressed Hazel Weir far more than the showy equipage, the outward manifestation of wealth.

"Look," she murmured; "here's another of the plutocrats, one of my eateemed employers, if you please. You'll notice that he's walking and looking at things just like us ordinary, every-day mortals."

Barrow glanced past her and saw a rather tall, middle-aged man, his help thread with gray, a fine-looking.

"Why not?" he asked. "I love you. Why not?" he asked. "I love you. The leaned a little nearer, and forced her to meet his gaze. "I can make you happy; I can make you love meet you all that a woman could ask."

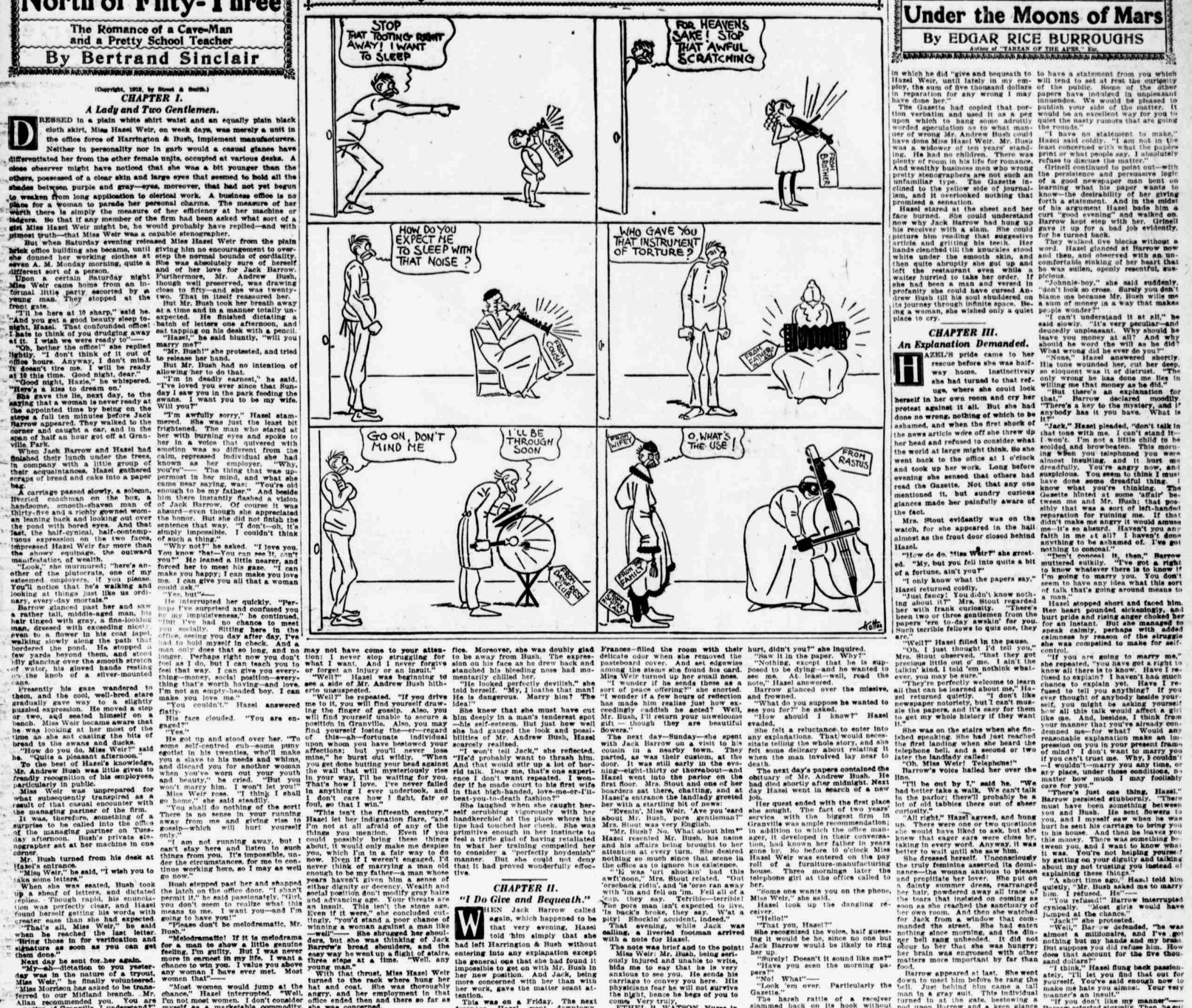
"Yes, but"—
He interrupted her quickly. "Perhaps I've surprised and confused you hap it tiped with gray, a fine-looking."

them done."

Next day he sent for her again.
"My—ah—dictation to you yesterday was in the nature of a tryout,
Miss Weir," he finally volunteered.
"Miss Morrison has asked to be transferred to our Midland branch. Mr.
Allan recommended you. You are
a native of Granville, I understand?"
"Yes," Hazel answered, wondering
what that had to do with the position
Native Morrison had vacated.

The Day of Rest

By Maurice Ketten



when the hard to do with the position. And Jack, being more concerned with not the position and the control of the private of the control of

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

CARLEGARINA INTERNATIONAL INTERNATION INTERNATIONAL INTERN

NEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD

Under the Moons of Mars

in which he did "give and bequeath to thazed Weir, until lately in my employ, the sum of five thousand dollars of the public. Some of the diter in reparation for any wrong I may have done her."

The Gazette had copied that portion verbatim and used it as a per upon which to hang some adroitly worded speculation as to what manier of wrong Mr. Andrew Bush could have done Miss Hazel Weir. Mr. Bush was a widower of ten years' standing. He had no children. There was plenty of room in his life for romance. And wealthy business men who wrong pretty stenographers are not such an unfamiliar type. The Gazette inclined to the yellow side of journalism, and it overlocked nothing that promised a sensation.

Hazel stared at the sheet and he face burned. She could understand now why Jack Harrow had hung up his receiver with a slam. She could picture him reading that suggestive white and gritting his teeth. Her hands clenched till the knuckies stood white under the smooth skin, and there are more than the quite abruptly she got up and left the restaurant seven while a waiter hurried to take her order. If she had been a man and versed in profanity she could have cursed Andrew Bush till his soul shuddered on its journey through infinite space. Besing a woman, she while only a quiet place to cry.

CHAPTER III.

An Explanation Demanded.**

**AZEL'S pride came to her rescue before she was haifway home. Instinctively she had turned to that require the protest against it all. But she had done no wrong, nothing of which to be ashamed, and when the first shock of the news article wore off she threw the her word at large might think, So she went back to the office at 1 o'clock and the provide and browbeaten. This morning the head and refused to consider what the world at large might think, So she went back to the office at 1 o'clock and the provided and browbeaten. This morning was provided and br

her head and refused to consider what her head and refused to consider what the world at large might think. So she went back to the office at 1 o'clock and took up her work. Long before evening she sensed that others had read the Gazette. Not that any one mentioned it, but sundry curious glances made her painfully aware of the fact.

Mrs. Stout evidently was on the watch, for she appeared in the hall almost as the front door closed behind Hazel.

Mrs. Stout evidently was on the watch for she appeared in the hall almost as the front door closed behind that the make me angry it would amuse me—it's so absurd. Haven't done anything to be ashamed of. I've got nothing to conceal."

"How de do. Miss Weir?" she greeted. "My, but you fell into quite a bit of a fortune, ain't you?"
"I only know what the papers say,"
Hazel returned coldly.
"User fancy: You didn't know nother than the papers say."
"I was fancy: You didn't know nother than the papers say."
"User fancy: You didn't know nother than the papers say."

"I only know what the papers say,"
Hazel returned coidly.

"Just fancy! You didn't know nothing about it?" Mrs. Stout regarded her with frank curiosity. "There's been two or three gentiemen from the papers 'ere to-day awskin' for you. Such terrible fellows to quiz one, they are."

"Weil?" Hazel filled in the pause.
"Oh. I just thought I'd tell you."
Mrs. Stout observed, "that they got precious little out o' me. I ain't the talkin' kind. I told 'em nothink whatever, you may be sure."

"If you are going to marry me," she repeated, "you have got a right to know all there is to know. Have I refused to explain? I haven't had much

The note was brief and to the point, and sade, wear, in the war, it was the wa